

# Home Reading.

[FOR THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.]

## The Clover.

The small white clover lies on the ground  
Fragrant and pure and sweet  
Like the manna of old that the Lord dropped  
down  
For his chosen ones to eat.  
Our deeds of kindness are clover blooms,  
If we drop them along the way,  
And will surely not come hungry one  
Of the Father's flock to-day.  
And few there are in our beautiful world  
That scatter the clover sweet!  
Few strive to satter the Heavenly food  
For the perishing ones to eat.  
And oftentimes our clover fades and withers  
For want of the strengthening rain:  
We must water it with our prayers of faith  
Till it stands refreshed again.

—G. H. D.

July 28, 1892.

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## June.

Now, as through grassy fields we go,  
The daisies gleam like sun-kissed snow—  
And low beside each babbling brook,  
Blue eyed forget-me-nots uplook:  
On placid streams lilies repose—  
While sweet June smiles—each smile a rose.

—V. B. H.

[FOR THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.]

## THE DREAMER BY DAYLIGHT.

As to Athletic Sports.

The training of Cyrus was to "draw the bow and speak the truth." If Cyrus were the son of a modern gentleman, he should know equally well how to pull the oar, to tread the giddy wheel, to whirl the airy bat, or to toss the lively ball. He might add to his accomplishments the manipulation of the succulent cigarette and a facility in the best eccentricity of the cultured German. His bouquets and flowers, his carriages and gloves and tickets and swell garments should make the papa Cyrus (known as the "Governor" or the "Old Man") frequently scowl and sometimes pepper his sentences. Cyrus Junior should be his club, his boxing teacher and fencing master, and his "coaches" of every kind. And perhaps poor Truth—which the ancients even preferred to archery—might come lagging along in the rear to be barely recorded.

The modern young gentleman has apparently in shunning the Scylla of duds the greater danger of plunging into the Charybdis of bullism. We get our classics and our shell-boats, our conic sections and our pitching curves, our Greek prose and our buttoned foils, in about equal proportions. The foot-ball is the nearest sphere of astronomy, and the lacrosse goal is more easily understood than the performances of the swift-footed Achilles.

So mused the Dreamer, comfortably nursing his pet corn, upon which a red faced Irish woman had just centered the weight of herself and a solid baby. The place was Centre Park. The sun was in the afternoon. The sun was hot and the dust was frightful. The event was the great Bicycle Parade, the Procession of the Wheelmen.

They came past in squads, and pairs, and singly. Here rode a *vieux monsieur*—a soldierly figure with fully fifty years to tumble after it if it caught a "cropper" on the bad road. Here was a slender page of a fellow—as long and thin as a spindly spider—on the seven-footed rid of his colthold and hardened into gristle—but graceful withal, and smoothly gliding. And here was a two hundred and fifty pounder, whose wheel fairly creaked under him. It was amazing what men were there—from the seven-footer who rode that immense dromedary of a bicycle to the little dashing boy who fluttered here and there as lightly as any butterfly. And the costumes were as various as the many-battled nations, and brown and blue, with blue caps and sun-helmets, and slouches and canvas shooting hats.

The principal attraction, however, was the calves of these horses. Some of them showed powerful full muscles, while others had little to commend their shanks to the eye. Yet every man devoted himself to stockings. And the Dreamer thought of that poor sorrowing wretch whose wallowing went up in the *Wheeler* for some one to tell him how to keep his hose from slipping down. "I have no calf," said this ingenious youth, careless of any other proprietary rights over him except his own—"I have no calf and my stockings will slip down. Garters are no good. Safety-pins won't hold 'em up. For pity's sake, some fellow tell me what I am to do!"

The Dreamer saw nobody's stockings come down—fortunately, or he should have rushed forward to the rescue with anything he possessed which could be of service. A bicyclist who comes to pieces on parade is a pitiful sight. And evidently this thought filled the soul of one sublime object—the only dude in line—who gallantly glided along on a shining nickel-plated steel. He had on purple stockings, and his shoes were tied with ribbons. If he had garters at all, they should have displayed the old motto, "*Houï soit qui mal y pense*"—but above his garters his nether attenuations were speckless, spotless white, shrunken. It must have taken two tailors—one at each leg—to get him ready and sewed into them. Then he had a Jersey—a purple silk Jersey—and he sat gracefully on the tail of it and pulled the end over his head. Around his neck was a flowing kerchief of snowy silk tied in a sailor's knot, and above his delicate complexion and his Dundreary whiskers was a white wide-awake hat.

He was a spectacle of wonder and dismay to that man—an "unattached" and unapproachable genius, who had learned how to ride by some alchemy or mathematics beyond imagination. He rode well, however, and displayed his art and his flowing necktie to vast advantage.

The others were as sensible and hearty as a set of men as one often sees. There is a spice of danger in the sport, and hence the sport had developed the mainly instinctive, the brown-faced and the true muscles of fine physical frames. Very many were the handsome figures and the honest and open countenances which the Dreamer saw—and he was glad thereof.

How can one say that it demoralizes a man to pull a spruce oar with a mighty rush and sweep as the dark nose of that other boat comes creeping past our bows? The hands clutch, and the heart beats quicker, and the breast heaves stronger, and the nerves and muscles set and quiver to every lifting, sweeping stroke! And then listen to that cheer

mon back there in the bow kicking and tugging for dear life and holding the boat's head to her course, catches the situation at one glance of his eye. He twists around to sight his distant stake-boat, and then comes his quick, electric yell: "Now we've got 'em! Lift her, boys! Pull, you fellows, PULL!"  
How he jumps to that stroke! Far down the boat, you there in the waist see the dash of the captain's head as he swings the stroke up, long and steady, every muscle quick and tense, and the broad chest blades flinging the white foam far astern! Ah, how she jumps now!—and how that ominous nose of that hated boat goes back and back! And every man feels as if he could put two hundred pounds to every stroke. And with a pulse that strikes the water like some swift, living thing, on she cuts and on and on, and the last hundred feet lie there before us! No one lifts his head. No one looks. Each man's hands are clenched on the loom of his oar—each body swings and slides with the rest—and here we are! Here's the yelling, and the cheering, and the hurrahing! Here come all the boys, mad with excitement—waist deep, breast deep, picking up the crew and the boat and everything and everybody—and the race is won.

Well, my lazy Dreamer—you who love to paddle so gently along and lie so quietly under that big tree where the stream runs slow—you who never rode a bicycle for a tricycle in your life—you who must take care lest avoidpous get the better of your precious wind—well, my friend, I think you do pretty well! Let your pen drop a while. Don't say what you intended about over-training and brutal associations and all that. Be satisfied that you got a going yourself—and stop and rub down and take it easy!

## Trout Fishing.

To those who enjoy the solitude of the everlasting hills, away from all noise save only the songs of birds and the babbling stream, and are also disciples of the sage Walton, I can commend the Bushkill, a stream that makes glad the heart of an angler; falling several hundred feet each mile, with innumerable cascades and deep dark pools that are sure to be the haunt of the trout. On either side rise high masses of rock, gray with age, with pine trees clinging here and there. You make an early start, fully equipped, with wading pants, basket, fly-rod, bait box, an eight ounce rod with check reel, braided line, and silk leader. At this time of the year you catch more fish with bait than with the fly, though with so capricious a fish you must be prepared to offer them what they will take. The trout you catch will run from a quarter to one pound in weight; most of those I caught weighed half a pound, but one weighed just one pound; it gave me royal sport to land him, which I shall often in memory do again. There is a charm about angling that seems very tame to write about, but is equalled by no other recreation. You are entirely oblivious to time and to distance.

In the swift current you of course fish down stream, casting over each ripple, eddy, and pool, sometimes catching two or three fish from the same pool, but often you fish a number of pools without a rise.

Have you ever caught a trout? No! Then I am tempted to say, as they do at the minstrels: "One half of your life is gone."

No fish is more gamy, and no fish will thrill you half so much, as with your fine tackle you lead him or try to lead him out of the water. Strange to say, he objects to go, and darts like a flash from one side of the pool to the other, and you grow nervous in spite of yourself, fearful that something will break, and that after all you will lose him; but when at last you have your hand at his throat, safely caught, and feel him flopping in your basket, you are just cruel enough to enjoy a satisfaction that is experienced at no other time.

Add to all this the perfect air, full of the odor of balsam and pine, the quiet abstraction of mind, while you are apparently intent on but one thing, you are taking in every passing cloud, every moss covered rock, and drawing instinctively nearer to the God who made them all.

To those who will slip away from home the coming summer for rest and recreation, I again commend the mountains. R.

## Mormon Slavery.

In slavery times the blood of Northern citizens used to be stirred up by pictures of the slave drivers or overseers of plantations sitting in elevated position watching the blacks as they toiled in the field or factory. These pictures represented the man with a bull-dog countenance, with whip in hand, ready to make stripes of the back of the weary toilers whenever they lagged in their work. The slaves were of both sexes, and a glance at the pictures always awakened a feeling of pity for the poor unfortunates and hatred of the barbarous institution of slavery. That "twisted relic" has disappeared forever from this country, as far as black slavery is concerned, but here in Utah we have a far worse slavery, which is fostered by an organization under the name of religion. A gentleman down from Cache County tells of what he witnessed only a few days ago, and says that the incident has been a common affair for years with the man he describes. At Providence there is a man having fourteen wives, and his progeny is so numerous that no one appears to know the extent. Six or eight of his women go to his farm at once and work in the field, while he sits quietly on the fence and looks on, just as the overseer of the past kept watch of his slaves. We are assured that this is no fancy sketch, but a veritable fact which attracts the attention of all passers-by. Of course the man prospers in the wealth of this world, and the Mormon priesthood are ready to attribute his prosperity as blessings from the Lord to reward him for living up to his privileges according to the latter-day gospel.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

MR. ALMA TADEMA and Mr. Herbert Spencer are both suffering severely from overwork. The latter seems to have lost ground physically since his recent American tour.

The sixth annual meeting of the International Literary Congress is to be held at Amsterdam in September. The Congress of Orientalists is to gather at Leyden at the same time.

STUART's life-size portrait of Washington in the Capitol at Hartford, Conn., was bought in 1800 for \$1,000 and now is estimated as worth \$50,000. It is a copy of that in the Boston Athenaeum.

[UNDER THIS HEADING it is our intention to publish, from time to time, reviews of new books and items of literary interest. Our community is one of book lovers and book buyers; and the *Citizen* originated and supported as a journal of local news and home reading, is peculiarly adapted to be a medium between publishers and readers. Our book notices, it is needless to say, will follow the same principles as the rest of the paper; fairness without fastidiousness, and no other way can we honestly undertake such criticisms.]

POEMS. By Jones Very, with an Introductory Memoir by William P. Andrews. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1888. Pp. xii, 160.

In 1875 the Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Cambridge, a distinguished Unitarian divine, called for a new edition of Mr. Very's poems. They had been long known, and in a gentle, fragile way they had been regarded as fine expressions of the poetic art. They were deficient in some of the turns and niceties of modern verse; but their spirit was so devout, so pure, and so sympathetic that it is not surprising that they have endured to the present date. Mr. Very was born in Salem, Mass., Aug. 28, 1813. He died in the same famous old town May 8, 1880, having during these years led a simple, blameless life, which is beautifully reflected in his poems. His "soul was like a star and dwelt apart" and he "moved in Salem" says Mr. E. A. Silsbee, his friend and admirer, "like Dante among the Florentines: a man who had seen God."

His college graduation was from Harvard in 1836, to which he had entered in the last term of the sophomore year. He took the second honors of his class, and was appointed as a tutor in Greek. In conjunction with the duties thus assigned to him, he studied theology in the Divinity School. As an instructor he possessed a keen and poetic insight into the structure of the Greek language, winning the admiration of the thoughtful and the interest of the listless, and producing a permanent impression upon his pupils.

"Forty-four years afterwards," says Mr. Andrews, "the hilarities of a class supper were interrupted that each member present might bear loving testimony to his individual sense of obligation to Mr. Very's instruction, and the force of his personal influence." Very often, indeed, the students found upon the backs of their Greek exercises verses from his pen, naïvely and gracefully expressed—the outgrowth of an exalted spiritual state, which it was equally impossible for them to deride or to disregard. Many less sincere men, a colleague, would have found this verse writing a source of endless fun; but it does not appear to have been thought in the least strange, or in the least vain or self-conscious.

Between 1838-39 his best work was done. His essays were issued in 1839, at Ralph Waldo Emerson's personal intercession, by Little & Brown, of Boston. It has been and is a scarce book. Prof. F. M. Bird, of Lehigh University, who is a classic and a laborious hymnologist and collector, declares that he has never met with it. The small edition was never reprinted, although among Mr. Very's letters were found the requests of R. H. Dana, the poet, and of many other distinguished men, for information where copies could be had. In short, this life of Mr. Very was that of the night blooming cereus—it came unexpectedly to flower, at a singular season, and ever after remained quiescent. Had the same circumstances conspired, it would probably again have put forth both blossom and fragrance.

But they never did. From this point there is nothing but a dim light. In 1843 the Cambridge Association of Unitarian Ministers licensed him to preach; but the populace generally was less affected by him than were his associates, the ministers. To them he was an inspiration, and the general make-up of the book which came into their studies, and had a mission with their souls, and left them feeling their unspirituality and unworthiness. This was peculiarly his power throughout his life. Many have testified to it as though it were a still, small voice which they could neither refuse nor resist.

In figure, Mr. Very was tall and slight; cheerful in face, obliging and lovely in character. He delighted in the companionship of nature, and in the old fashioned habits of behavior and of dress. But he left behind him in his native town those whose love has resuscitated his poems, and paid tribute to his virtues.

Mr. Very is best known as the author of the poem—it is really a hymn—

"Wilt Thou not visit me?"

It has been greatly admired and widely reprinted. It is a pure, spiritual lyric, and has been included in Dr. Robinson's "Lays for the Sanctuary" and other collections in extensive use. Other poems more or less well known are:

"I asked of Time to tell me where was Love,"  
"The light that fills thy house at morn,"  
"The comings on of Faith,"  
"The goings out of Light,"  
"Come suddenly, O Lord, or slowly come."

These and similar sonnets and stanzas show a level excellence which is evidently unforced and spontaneous.

The poems usually are in the sonnet form. They speak of devout experiences and of pure and high themes. They will peculiarly commend themselves to persons of thoughtful and meditative minds—those to whom the rush and hurry of life has less meaning than its deep undertones. Mr. Andrews has been a most careful and admirable editor, and the binding and typography of the book are unexceptionably good. The introductory memoir is a refreshing example of both candor and criticism on the part of one who is an open advocate and a loving disciple.

SURF AND WAVE: THE SEA AS SUNG BY THE POETS. Edited by Anna S. Warril. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co., 1888. Pp. xxii, 618. Price, \$2.00.

We have a certain share of pride in this volume as the production of one of our own Bloomfield ladies—whose reputation as the joint compiler of the very successful Cyclopaedia of Practical Quotations has already preceded her present work. Miss Ward has been engaged upon "Surf and Wave" for some five or six years. The introductory poem was written at her request fully five years ago. And during all this period she has been utilizing her opportunities of selection, addition and revision until she has now made what we must consider the largest and most complete book of sea-poetry in existence. Very few persons will miss their old favorites and many will discover beautiful poems of which they had no previous knowledge. Some of these are from obscure sources.

A feature of the book is its examples of contemporary poetry, and of verses here presented for the first time. The somewhat fanciful divisions which have been adopted to break up the appearance of monotony are "Sea Breezes," "Waves of the Deep," "Sea Spray," "Surf Edges,"

and of the poems grouped under them. An index of authors follows—enriched by the true name after the pseudonym, an important favor to the reader. Succeeding this the poems are also indexed by titles. So it is plain that Miss Ward's unremitting determination to make her volume complete has been carried out at the cost of considerable labor.

When we proceed to criticize the contents of "Surf and Wave," we observe at a glance that it is intended, not for a select few, but for everybody who loves the sea. The standard of selection is of that cosmopolitan sort which admits "The Jumbies" and "Nancy Lee" to a fellowship with Ferguson's splendid "Forging of the Anvil" and Byron's classic apostrophe, "Here we have the sea, like *Cursum Ventus*" of Arthur Hugh Clough; the æsthetic and delicate sonnets of R. W. Gilder, the editor of *The Century*; the "Chambered Nautilus" of Dr. O. W. Holmes, and Jean Ingelow's "High Tide," Charles Kingsley's well represented, and there is no lack of the sea lyrics like *Cursum Ventus* of Arthur Hugh Clough; the æsthetic and delicate sonnets of R. W. Gilder, the editor of *The Century*; the "Chambered Nautilus" of Dr. O. W. 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